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Poetry.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the fussy of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow and silence and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not walk any longer;
Why closer to mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondence.

CANON CITY, COLO., Sept. 2, 1882.

It is impossible in a single letter

to describe the scenery of the

Arkansas Valley from Leadville

to Canon City, a distance of 130

miles. Four years ago I trav-

eled it by stage, and I thought

the road one of the wildest and

most picturesque I had ever passed

over. It was a little earlier in

the season than this, and that

year there was much more snow

in the mountains than there is

now. All day long the snow-cov-

ered peaks of the Sangre range,

which constitutes the great con-

tinental divide, loomed up before

us, towering above the valley on

the right, and 15,000 feet above

the level of the sea. Mounts El-

bert and Massive and Harvard,

Princeton, and Yale are the best

known peaks, but there are others

equally imposing. The range on

the east was also snow-capped,

and much of the way so near the

river that its granite crags seem-

ed almost to overhang the stream.

Sometimes the road lies down

near the Arkansas, whose bright,

clear waters dash over the boul-

ders on its bottom or curl in

graceful eddies around some

curve. Again the road ascends

the bank, the six strong horses

straining every muscle to haul the

heavy coach up the rocky steep,

and then you look down 500 feet

to see the river surging and rag-

ing leaping from ledge to ledge,

and dashing against the sides of

the rocky canon. Occasionally

the road brought up upon a

broad level plateau, bounded on

the east by the canon of the river,

which flows hundreds of feet below

at the very foot of the mountains,

and extending away for miles to

the west and south. This was

once the bed of the Arkansas,

which, in olden times, spread out

here into a broad lake before it

cut its present channel through

the rocks. At places the river

flows up close to the foot-hills of

the main range, and then the road

which follows is extremely hilly

and winding.

But now the iron horse has

found his way up this valley and

all this scenery is as accessible as

that of the Hudson River or the

White Mountains, though I some-

times think the old stage furnishes

the most exciting and enjoyable

means of getting over these

mountains and up and down the

valleys. I never enjoyed any rail-

way ride and never expect to en-

joy one as much as I did the stage

ride from Black Hawk to Central

City in 1875, passing over the

mountain down which Nellie

Grant made her famous drive

shortly before and over the hair

raising road which started poor

old Horace Greely in 1869. But

no regular stage runs over this

route now, because the railway

has crept up here, too. There is

no more striking evidence of the

prosperity and enterprise of Colo-

rado than the rapidity with

which narrow gauge railroads are

built into the Rocky Mountains.

The Denver, South Park and

Pacific road zig zags up the South

Platte canon and over the pass into the South Park on grades that no engineer could have dared to suggest ten years ago. Scarcely less daring has been the engineering of the Denver and Rio Grande road over the La Veta pass of the Sangre de Cristo range into the valley of the Rio Grande River. More wonderful than either in its conception and execution has been the construction of the Arkansas Valley Railroad from this place through the Royal George, a canon almost as grand in its proportions and more inaccessible than that of the Colorado. This Royal George, through which the Arkansas River cuts its way to the plains, is indeed a seven days wonder. The fantastic forms which the red granite assumes, the overhanging crags, the almost perpendicular walls, the sudden turns in the stream which shut out the distant view in all directions and leave the traveler in a great well—all these might be described, but must be seen to be appreciated.

On the road from Leadville we pass the Twin Lakes, always a popular resort but now fast becoming a city of summer residences. They are two pretty little water bodies and the place is very inviting. This reminds me of one of the wonders of Colorado of which I have heard but have not seen. It lies over the range from Twin Lakes and is, if the truth be told, a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is, or was last year they say, cultivated a field of corn, which produced thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade-handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four or five inches long can be caught. These fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in its nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which was accumulated vegetable matter which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the field-hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one paying the strength to drive a rail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up: Has not this body an outlet? Although brackish, the water tastes as if fresh, and is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless and scaleless—similar to those found in caves.

Canon City gained sudden importance three or four years ago as a fitting-out point for Leadville, but the advent of the railway took much of this trade away, though it is still a supply point for Silver Cliff and some other points in that direction. It is distinctively Southern with Mexican peculiarities. Many of its houses are of adobe, one story high and altogether it is not a very imposing or prepossessing appearing place. But it has a fine climate, and instead of being surrounded by mines is in the midst of the grazing or stock-raising region. Of this industry I will give you something in my next letter.

The welfare of each one is so connected with the welfare of all that no absolute independence is possible. He who fancies that simply to mind his own business, and let others alone, is all that is due to himself or them, makes a grievous mistake, for which in his future experience he will have to pay the penalty.

OUR FREE EDUCATION.

Greenville News.

Our esteemed contemporaries the Newberry Herald, Columbia Register and Winnsboro News and Herald are hunting figures and deductions at each other with awe-inspiring recklessness in a discussion of the public school question, the Herald claiming that we have too little public school for our money, and the other two declaring that we get full value for what we pay. Bearing somewhat on the same subject is a brief essay published by our esteemed Charleston contemporary on the State University, beginning thus:

It is, we believe, Prof. Huxley who has somewhere said that the true idea of popular education is a ladder of which one end is in the gutter, the other in the university. The figure is a true one; for a ladder leads not only up but down. By the ladder of education not only may the worthy and ambitious mount from the lowest to the highest round, but the influences of elevation and of aspiration are transmitted, unbroken, from the top to the bottom.

All of this may be admitted without danger, or violence to any conscience. The question for South Carolina just now, however, is how best to apply the funds she has, which are insufficient to build the whole of Professor Huxley's ladder. Is it better to plant it firmly in the gutter and build it upward slowly but substantially and firmly, or to begin at the top and build down? Our esteemed Charleston contemporary opposes an imaginary argument against higher public education in general, and shuns the real living question which is one of present expediency.

According to the Winnsboro Herald, in California each child of the school population has for its education in the school fund \$17, in Connecticut \$10, in Illinois \$8, in Iowa \$9, in Kansas \$6, in Maine \$5, in Maryland \$6, in Massachusetts \$14, in Minnesota \$5, in Nevada \$23, and in South Carolina, with a larger percentage of ignorance and poverty than any of them, \$1.36.

One dollar and thirty-five cents apiece was the amount available last year to teach the children of this State to read and write; or taking the actual school attendance of 133,458, each child attending our public schools had about \$2.65 to pay for its session's schooling. With these figures, which would be ridiculous if they were not mournful, staring us in the face, how can we have the conscience to spend twenty thousand dollars for higher education, especially when that education is to be no higher than that which is given by half a dozen institutions in the State, built up by the toil and money of the people, and destined to be overthrown by this University? The claim that it will be so far above our denominational institutions as to be beyond competition with them is disproved by the election of the President of one of those very institutions to its President's chair.

What our esteemed Charleston contemporary and its friends really propose to do, is to build a piece of Professor Huxley's ladder too short to reach the top, and too high to reach the bottom, and leave it swinging in mid air, scorned by the high, beyond the lowly, and a hindrance and eyesore to everybody.

Such an idea comes appropriately from the newspaper which prints this, which appeared in the University essay of our esteemed yesterday:

It must not be forgotten that in every moral and intellectual movement the vitalizing force works from above downward.

This declares all sacred and profane history a lie. Christianity, a moral and intellectual movement worked from the manger, the carpenter's shop and the fishing boats up; the reformation, a moral and intellectual movement worked from Luther, an obscure priest, up through the people;

the overthrow of the English Stuarts came from among the brewers' vats and currier's stained bands; France rose against her Kings and Nobles with the impulse from the gutters; the revolution of 1776 took form among the cord-wainers and caulkers in Boston, and Patrick Henry, the Virginian farmer, breathed life into it; the revolution of 1876 was born in the small farm houses of this State—not among the wealthy or elevated classes.

The fact is the common people are the first to feel wrong, and the first to resent it, having no great possessions to make them timid and slothful, and no traditions to make them conservative, and the great movements of the world come from them. Therefore the necessity for purifying and lighting the sources of those movements is the greater. That purification and light is best given by teaching every child in every obscure hut to read and learn for himself, that when he does act—for he will act—he may do it intelligently.

We can not give that purification and light for \$2.65 a year; while we have only that \$2.65, we can not afford \$20,000 for a University.

From the "Far West."

LINDALE SMITH Co., TEXAS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: For some time

I have thought that my friends and

the numerous readers of the HERALD

should hear from me, but truly "pro-

crastination is the thief of time."

About nine months have elapsed since

we arrived in Smith Co. Texas